# A Fitting Punishment

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# A Fitting Punishment

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 15: Overstimulation.

Hannibal comes without permission, and Will gives him a punishment to fit the crime.

Notes

Still have a few more kinktober fics drafted that just need a decent edit. If I suddenly disappear again for more than a day at a time, it's probably because my spooky fic has moved into the editing stage and I'm balancing that by only drafting kink fics. As usual, hope you enjoy. :)

Will ran his fingers through the mess on Hannibal's stomach, still heaving after orgasm. He schooled his expression—in truth he was delighted at Hannibal's disobedience, but he didn't let it show on his face.

"What did I say about coming without my permission?"

Hannibal shifted in his seat, motion inhibited by having his arms bound to the back of the chair. His head was lowered. Will forced his chin up, smearing some come across his cheek in the process.

"You said you would keep going until I fully regretted it," Hannibal said.

"That's right." Will rubbed his palm up and down Hannibal's cock, making him shiver. He knew it hadn't yet passed from oversensitive to painful, but it would get there. "For someone with such dislike of rudeness, I'm surprised you have to be taught manners."

He moved his hand up and over the slick tip, giving every inch some attention. Watched Hannibal's increasingly uneven breathing and his arms flexing against their bounds. When Will began to press more firmly, rubbing circles over the head with the palm of his hand, Hannibal bared his teeth, a slight growl rising from him, and Will gave him a light slap.

"*Behave*."

Hannibal's lips closed, though his glare wasn't much softened. Will got a full grip on his cock, applying enough pressure that he knew it would be uncomfortable when he stroked—and he did, watching tension grip Hannibal's body and his nostrils flare. Eventually his hips twitched and his legs jerked, unable to disguise his discomfort.

Will was merciless. He twisted his hand and drew a loud grunt from Hannibal. Persistently dragged his thumb over the tip, and was rewarded with ragged gasps and the clench of Hannibal's thighs.

Will's lips quirked, pleased with this response, more dramatic than he got from Hannibal under normal circumstances.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "Thought you liked it when I do this."

He gave several firm tugs and Hannibal's body convulsed. Air hissed from between his teeth.

"Do you want me to stop?"

Hannibal shook his head wordlessly.

"Of course not. Because you like being at my mercy, don't you? You wouldn't want to give that up."

He kept going as if he was giving Hannibal a normal handjob and trying very hard to get him off, rather than torturing his painfully oversensitive skin. Hannibal was resilient, and it took

Will a bit longer to get him past just gasps and twitches, but he did. Satisfaction simmered through his veins as whimpers broke from Hannibal's throat, uncharacteristically soft and unsteady sounds. Sweat covered him in a thin sheen, and his muscles shook in uncontrolled shudders.

Will smiled as Hannibal threw his head back with a loud groan. He loosened his grip in favor of a light touch running up and down his shaft, just enough to make him shiver. When it seemed Hannibal was starting to adjust to that touch, Will suddenly gripped his reddened cock with renewed force and jerked it, making him whine and thrash against the ropes.

The sound of him alone was enough to make Will's own erection so urgent that he knew he would have to end this game soon. Either that, or make it more interesting.

He licked his lips and released Hannibal's cock, making him sag in relief.

"Are you going to apologize?"

Hannibal nodded, and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm sorry for coming without your permission."

"And you promise to be a good boy for me in the future?"

His nose twitched, but he said: "Yes."

"Good. Tell you what—if you can get me off, I'll let you go for the day. Sound fair?"

Hannibal nodded, looking relieved. He was probably expecting to give Will a blowjob, which was certainly no punishment for him.

Instead, Will straddled him, bare thighs rubbing against Hannibal's as he inched forward, until their cocks were pressed together. Will saw Hannibal's face shift from relief to something darker when he realized what was happening, and a huff of breath left him, like a restless horse. Will just hummed with content, brushing his thumb over one of Hannibal's cheekbones. He was very aware of exactly the kind of beast he had restrained, and it was deeply satisfying.

He held their cocks together with one hand gently wrapped around them, and rocked up so they rubbed together. Hannibal flinched, and Will had the pleasure of watching a reflex of anger flicker across his face before it gave way to resignation.

"There you go," Will said, rocking again. "Bet you like this, don't you? The more I hurt you, the faster I get off. Does that feel good?"

Hannibal didn't answer, and Will didn't care. He was busy marveling how each stroke felt incredible to him while it made Hannibal flinch and shudder, noting how Hannibal's hips bucked in agitation and just stimulated Will more. He felt infinitely powerful straddling and fucking against Hannibal, hurting him in this intimate way, when all he could do was sit there and take it.

He sped up, sliding their cocks together quickly until Hannibal's voice lilted higher, more desperate, his eyes squeezed shut.

Will grabbed a lock of his hair and tugged, forcing him to look him in the eye.

"If you want me to stop, tell me now."

Hannibal clenched his jaw and shook his head sharply and firmly.

"Good boy," Will growled, and started grinding faster toward the finish line, eyes fixed on every pinch of discomfort on Hannibal's face, ears attuned to every whimper that broke from his throat.

The feeling of Hannibal actively squirming and thrashing between his thighs pushed him over the edge faster than the stimulation alone would have.

"*Fuck*," he hissed, hand reflexively gripping tight and squeezing Hannibal's cock as hard as his own. He thrust forward just a bit more and moaned as he came. The ragged sound of pain that came from Hannibal's throat at the same time seemed to draw out his orgasm, leaving him weak and gasping over Hannibal's shivering body.

Worn out, but grateful, he reached a hand up to the back of Hannibal's neck and rubbed gently, soothingly. He rested his head on Hannibal's shoulder and kissed it. He knew Hannibal didn't appreciate much praise after something like this—too much like condescension, he had said. So he limited himself to affectionate touches for the most part, only letting slip a soft: "Beautiful."

And judging by the way Hannibal's body finally relaxed, head tilting to rest against Will's, that was enough.

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